

# S u c k   m e   d r y

Originally extracted from a conversation with Michael Satai

by Basilisk

Following the dissemination of a wide range of 'Blue-Omega' oriented materials (from intelligent automatic dildos to glorious cum feasts and radical penetrations camouflaged the Baudrillardian slogan of I-want-to-see-better [Seduction], etc.) on the net, your suggested Catastrofuck (or Blue Omega) awaits not only masculinity but the entire fluidity of pornspace, gender, the body and fluidity itself without naively triggering a social crisis of any kind; quite contrary, its autonomous lines are creative enough to skip over any anthropomorphic terror.

The sexualization of *fluidity* has resulted in a new form of solidity disloyal to any gender transcendence, a solidity which has no modificatory or reforming consequence for masculinity, yet it is away from any structural or functional compatibility with femininity. Under such fluidification, masculinity is a river-ing meat but it is dry: a wound hemorrhaging scar, a compositional softness that is not naturally (or stupidly) liquid but artificially solid and dry.

As I am searching everything on the net, I encountered with a huge amount of materials in which everyone only cares about his or its cum not the orgasm process; they only want to see, feel, taste, touch and absorb the other's semen; they don't care about whose juice it is. As one of my friends discussed, they want to feel their juice even without ejaculation, even if it spurts right from their mouths. Cum is both the primal and final principle; an anti-anthropomorphic yet aesthetic (according to what system of values?) ultimate; orgasm, ejaculation and genitalia are only the means; it's an autonomous fluid strategically armed to bomb masculinity back into the future. Actually, this matter does not have any masculine/reproductive purpose in a common sense

(follow the breathtaking pictures or movies of women ejaculating their own replicated semen). It is an irony that this heavily masculine oriented fluidity (semen) is a mazing process against both the structural and functional space of masculinity and its becoming-woman panorama (one may call it a salvation at last). "Cum in me, cum in my mouth" introduces itself as the cry of masculinity under decay. However, such a White slogan or the rich poem of auto-masculine-sacrifice is still poetically catalectic; it needs this: "Suck me dry" ... where total dryness is intrinsic to fluidity in the form of an endemic space; where both turn into each other at one time. Here multiple lines of dehydration connect solidity to a dessication process -- famine, non-hydrophilic thirst and dryness -- the anonymous space at the end of this journey is too dark to be fathomed but at least, it can be diagramed: evaporation as dust (skipping the flux), becoming GAS, a dry typhoon potential to travel as a plague.